

may as well add a note or two
about things that Jane does not see.

Koroko, where she did not climb up
the bank, is the place where caravans
come in from Khartoum. The camp
- of one or two, just come in was a wild
and curious sight, and there were some
of the wildest. Desert-Arabs be-
longing to these, with wide-streaming
hair and very wild faces. But the only
repulsive and sinister faces, after all,
were those of Greeks or Albanians; pre-
ternaturally white in comparison, and
looking thoroughly untrustworthy.

Nada Stalfa. If one could only
be content with any stopping short, Abou
Simbel would be the normal terminus
of a Nile voyage. Above there is no
thing new in kind, nor striking of its sort.
The thing at Nada Stalfa is to go up
to Abousee, 4 or 5 miles up the river
and see from it (for it is a rocky
elevation or peak sheer precipice
down to the river) the whole length of
caravats - i.e. several miles of Nile bank.

into hundreds of rapid currents sweeping round rocky islets, like those of 1st Cataract but without the sitting of such high and fantastic rocky masses. The view spoken of beyond further into Nubia is of no account. That I saw the river and over the deserts on either side. Especially the Lybian is wide and striking. The journey on donkeys up to Abouker over Lybian desert gives one a realizing and satisfying idea of desert, which is hardly got except by some travel over it. I was interested in finding the names of former travellers cut upon the rock - here a harmless business and not uninteresting. We did not cut ours, however; only the names of this & Heron. 1869. W. H. A.

I found Belzoni, 1816, Doby & Mangels, 1867, and a long line of succeeding ones.

On the way back to our boats we passed the scarcely ruined walls and arches of an old Christian church of greater size & pretension than would here be expected. The dwellings ever likely to have been more. Some queer old Christian paintings still showed their colors on the walls. We found also Caravan stations - camps, with goods unloading from the boats, camels to take them to Khartoum or Dongola, piles of bags of gum Arabic brought from there also elephants' tusks in great number, wild Arabs, and all the rest of the scene.

Above Senbel, I am did not climb the high cliffs behind the temples, which afford most commanding views, both of river and desert, and a near one of the larger temple right across the great expanse of golden sand, a favorite sketching-position. A very grand sunset view from these heights, and a nice slide down a neighboring very steep acclivity of yellow sand, reaching from far up the height down almost to the river.

Dakkeh. Sorry I am could not go to this temple, but it was a long stretch. It is late, but very handsome and perfect, not grand, but very beautiful. The carvings of the later days, however, do not interest me, as those of the Ptolemaic-period and older ones. Even when elegantly cut, as here, they seem to be quasi-modern imitations of the ancient things. I am by people who did not believe in them, but thought them the regular thing to have.